

THE Jolly COACH-MAN :

O R,

The Burome Taylors Wifes Late folly.

When Wantons they will run astray,
Their fancies thus to feed,

And Truck for Coyn, for Feathers fine,
Sure they are Drabs indeed.

To the Tune of, A Jobb for a Journeyman-Shoemaker.



A Taylors wife exceeding fair,
a Coach-man often courted,
Their names I need not now declare,
but yet it is reported :
The Coach-man he courageously,
went out as nothing fearing,
But now attend, to what is pen'd,
the jest is worth your hearing.

The Coach man and the Taylors wife,
had many private meeting,
He lov'd he lov'd her as his life,
O this was pleasant greeting :

But her reply was pish, and he;
yet he was not contented,
Till she did yield to him the field,
and willingly consented.

Quoth she, if that I do comply,
to answer your desire,
I hope you will not me deny,
what I of you require :
Lay me two Guinies in my hand
to buy me hoods and Laces,
Then I will be at thy command,
with solace and embraces.



The Coach man like a jolly Blade,
his Wifs he then saluted,
And like a friend to her he said,
this need not be disputed:
For thou shalt have a flower'd gown,
with many pretty fancies,
Sweet creature let me lay thee down,
to charm thy pouthful lences.

Said she I fear my overthow,
and then what will betide me,
If that my husband he should know,
he'd certainly deride me:
Therefore she seemed something coy,
yet could not well deny him,
Upon fair terms she would comply,
and was resolv'd to try him.

Quoth she my dear thou hast my heart,
and my entire favour,
Yet something I would have in part,
for fear your mind should waver:
I never will be coy nor nice,
but allways kind and willing,
I can hate something of the price,
come pay down thirty Shilling.

The Coach-man had not quite so much,
till he receiv'd his wages,
He wanted ten, and therefore then,
he solemnly engages:
That he would make no more delay,
but twenty down would tender,
And ten another time would pay,
if he would but surrender.



Then straight they struck a bargain thus,
when she receiv'd his treasure,
And like a drab she mean'd his purse,
and yielded to his pleasure:
He found she was a crafty Dame,
and therefore he did fear her,
And also weary of the game,
then came no more a near her.

When she did find, he was unkind,
who call'd her his honey,
She soon was of another mind,
to trounce him for her money:
It did appear he did not fear,
but thought she had but jested,
She vowed still to have her will,
that he should be arrested.

She fetch'd a Warrant for him then,
and thus began the rumour,
I think there was not one in ten,
but laugh'd at the humour:
But when at last the fray was past,
the Taylor he was scorned,
And in the rout, the Boys did shout,
and told him he was horned.

The Taylor he doth now complain,
that he is daily flouted,
But women of the wanton strain,
they cannot live without it:
I would not have him whine nor pine,
those reasons are presented,
There's some that go in Velvet fine,
are forc'd to be contented.